



PEACE ON EARTH

PISO'S

for Coughs & Colds



Exposure Causes Coughs and Sore Throats

THOSE exposed to winter's storms—perhaps out all day in damp clothing—feet wet and shoulders wringing—are bound to develop sore throat and troublesome coughs.

The important thing is to catch these ills in time. Prompt treatment often keeps real sickness away.

Piso's—always at hand in the medicine cabinet—supplies that ready relief. Good for every member of the family from Baby to Grandmother; it soothes scratchy, tickling throats and allays irritation and inflammation. It relieves hoarseness and troublesome coughs.

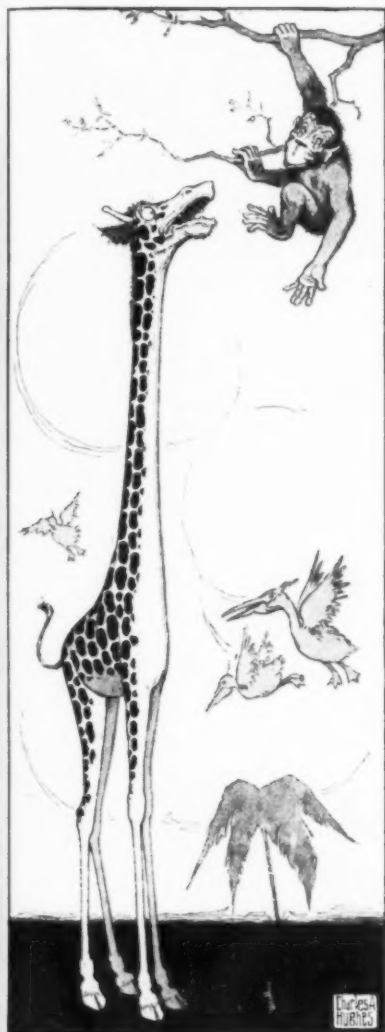
Get a bottle of Piso's today—keep it ready in the medicine cabinet for the first symptom of sore throat or cough.

30 CENTS AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S

Contains no opiate

Good for young and old

Piso's Throat and Chest Salve is remarkably beneficial when used in connection with Piso's.



The Giraffe: TELL ME! WHAT'S THE GOOD NEWS? WHY SO HAPPY?
The Monk: HAPPY! I SHOULD SAY SO. THE FLEAS HAVE GONE ON STRIKE!



Here, Bill
- a Luden's will fix that throat
A clear nose and throat will make working easier.
Workers in all industries use Luden's the year 'round. A protection in damp or dust.

LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS
GIVE QUICK RELIEF



Where Upkeep Counts Most

Twelve million miles of wire, connecting cities, villages, farms; running under busy streets and across trackless prairies; these are the Bell Telephone's avenues of speech.

These twelve million miles of wire, throughout every foot of their length, must be kept electrically capable.

A few drops of water within a cable may cut off a thousand subscribers. A line snapped by storm may isolate a district. A wet leaf touching a wire may stop service. In most kinds of

work the lessening of efficiency means merely the lessening of service; but with the telephone, mechanical and electrical conditions must be practically perfect to insure operation.

The most delicate electrical currents in use are those of the telephone, and inspection must be ceaseless that the lines may be kept in constant readiness.

These conditions and costs must be met to provide this high standard of service needed and demanded by the American people.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

Another Horror of War

LONDON shoemakers declare women's feet have grown larger, due to war work.

Statisticians profess to find therein the reason for the soaring prices of shoes, despite the newspaper revelations tending to prove that in knowledge and utilization of the arts and wiles of profiteering leather magnates

make food merchants look like pikers.

Can it be that the increasing size of Isadora Duncans presages the passing of the Sunday magazine article describing a new-found Venus, with the accompanying parallel columns of comparative measurements?

WHEN in love try not to say foolish things. If you succeed—you are not in love.—Blighty.



"ISN'T IT A FUNNY FEELING WHEN YOU SEE YOUR OWN
PICTURE IN THE PAPER?"

And isn't it a tranquil feeling when your name is enrolled as a regular subscriber to LIFE?

You will see some part of yourself reflected in every issue. For example, among our coming numbers will be a Sporting Number, an Under-Dog Number, a Snobs' Number and a Dull Number. Even LIFE is dull at times, and the event must be dully celebrated. These special numbers have been temporarily postponed by the strike. Beginning with the new year, LIFE will be bigger, brighter and better than ever.

That After-the-Holidays Gift

For the friend you overlooked or whose Christmas present came to grief, what could be better than a subscription to LIFE? Then you and he both will start the New Year right.

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

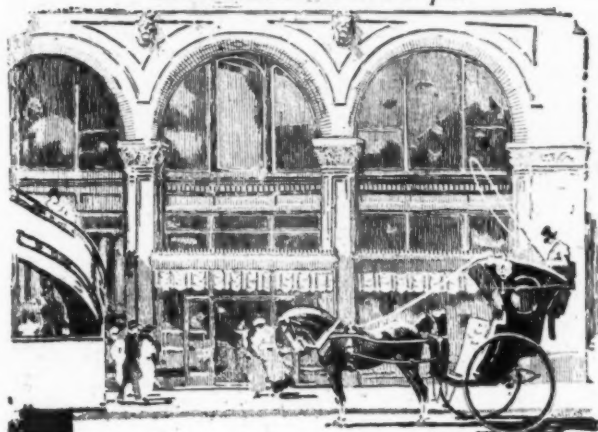
LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York. 115

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

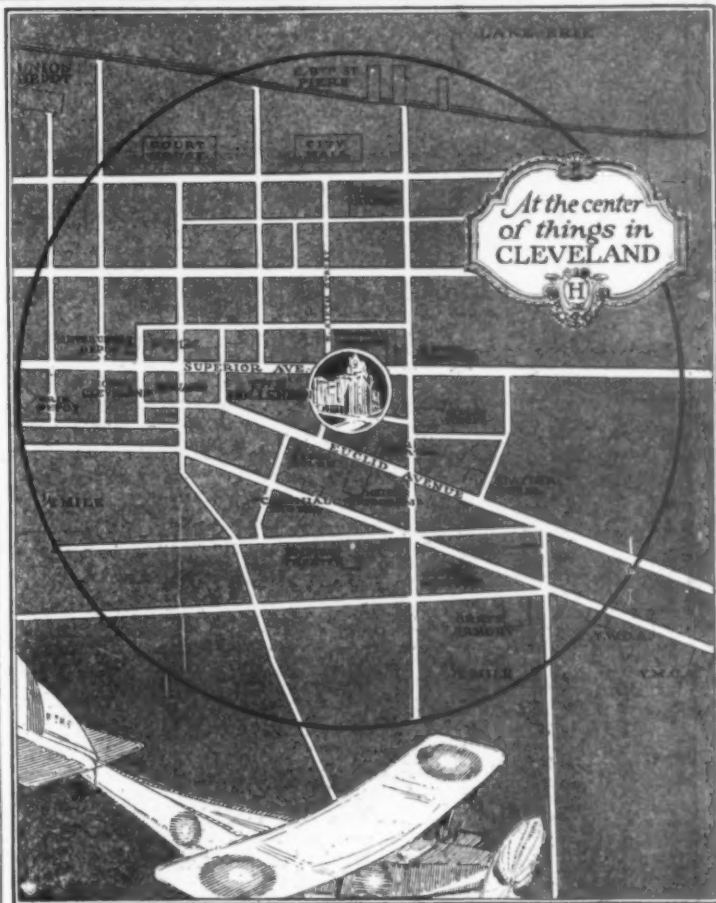
Maillard

COCOA
CHOCOLATE
CONFECTIONS

Established 1848



Fifth Avenue at 35th Street
New York



Ghost of Fox: I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE THAT GETS
SKINNED!



Served like champagne,
wherever good drinks
are appreciated ~ ~





Taxicabs use WEED TIRE CHAINS

*Because they can't afford to take chances
and because, with Weed Chains, they
get greater mileage out of their tires.*

It's a business proposition, pure and simple, with taxicab companies. They use Weed Chains for economy and accident insurance.

The main incentive for the use of Weed Chains is the accident-preventing feature—a most important factor as it means the saving of lives and property.

But further than that it is known from bitter and costly experience that the continual, constant and yet hardly perceptible slipping of the rubber tire—out tires just the same as if you pressed them against a rapidly revolving grindstone.

Taxicab companies have learned from experience that *only by the use of Weed Chains* can this continuous wear on tires be prevented. Their drivers are ordered to put on their Weed Chains "at the first drop of rain" because of the thousands upon thousands of dollars that are thus actually saved every year in tire service and the elimination of skidding accidents. Wouldn't it be well for you to learn wisdom from the fellow who really knows?

***Be as wise as the taxi driver and always put on
your Weed Chains "at the first drop of rain."***

Weed Chains are also made to meet the demand for an efficient traction and anti-skid device for trucks equipped with single and dual solid tires or with the very large pneumatic tires. They are so constructed that they satisfactorily meet the requirements of heavy truck service in mud, sand or snow.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.

BRIDGEPORT  CONNECTICUT

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario
Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain

General Sales Office: Grand Central Terminal, New York City

District Sales Offices: Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Portland, Ore., San Francisco





Vale!

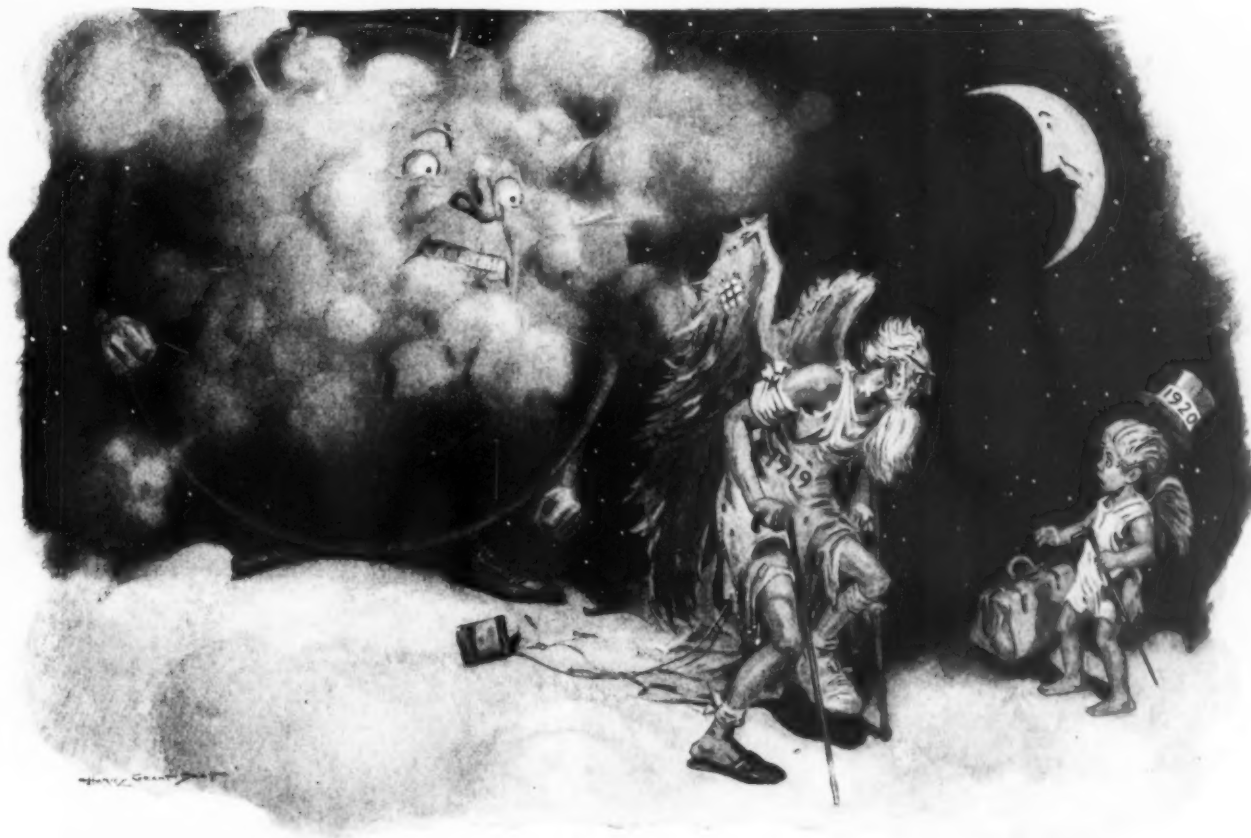
(An Old Year Song)

FOR Old Year friends, so leal, so stanch and kind,
 Lord, in these closing days, my thanks to Thee!
 Thanks for the gracious heart, the helpful hand—
 The feet that trod Gethsemane with me!

Thanks for the cheer of them, that held no sting—
 The sweet, strong faith, that never failed me yet;
 Thanks for the pity and the comforting—
 Those mystic bonds the soul cannot forget!

Lord, that these ministries might still be mine—
 Fraught with the grateful warmth of olden wine!

Laura Simmons.



"YOU'RE WELCOME TO IT, KIDDO! I'VE HAD MINE!"



Squirrel: OLD MAN GROUNDHOG HAS THE RIGHT IDEA. HE SLEEPS ALL WINTER, AND NEVER HAS TO BUY ANY WINTER CLOTHES OR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

(Excerpt from a Recent Article)

"The People of the Pelup Peninsula"

By Pedantus Piddle, Ph.D.,

Author of "My Travels in Paraguay," "My Experiences in Persia," etc., etc.

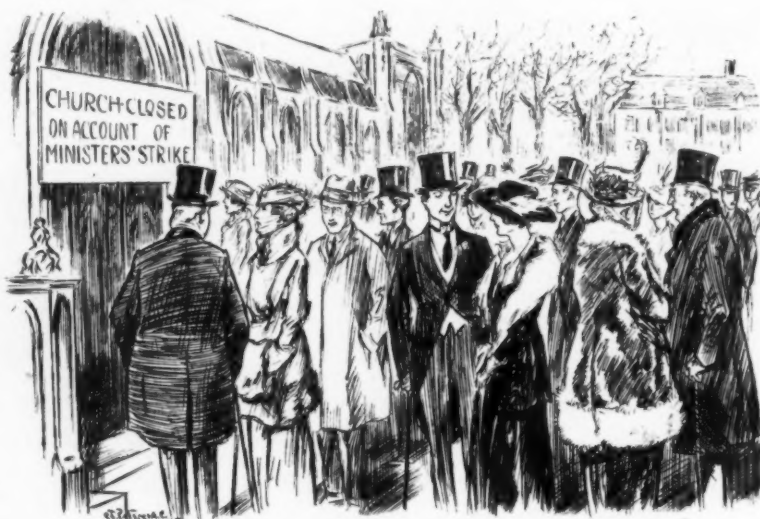
WE were floating down the beautiful Plongdong when, descriing a glorious whangdoop hid amongst the igfans along the swamgit (shore), I instantly ordered the mogpong to row the goopang toward it. Obeying my command with an alacrity that proved his devotion to me, the little fellow pulled lustily on the right tingwop (oar or paddle) until, by virtue of his efforts, we were headed in the direction whence had come the vision of the multi-colored whangdoop. My readers will readily appreciate the tremendous excitement that seized me when I say that the whangdoop was of unusual size and of a conformation that would preclude the possibility of anyone for a moment mistaking it for the ogplup, which, as everyone knows, it so much resembles.

My hands so shook from emotion that I could hardly prepare the samgoon, made of leaves of the grumpsnip, in which I should forthwith transport the whangdoop to my pungle-groop (camp). And here I made a note of another trait of the kapalangs, the tribe to which my mogpong belonged. Despite the importance of the moment, he evinced no share in my excitement, but kept his eyes fastened on the box of prangrapang (gum drops) in the stern of the goopang. I had observed other evidences of stoicism in this most interesting little people, but this incident convinced me that it was a tribal trait.



"SO THIS IS RECONSTRUCTION!"

After what seemed to be an interminable time, but which, as there was no material change in the sun's position, could have been but a short space, we reached the swamgit, and I made my way through the long goofaloop (grass) to where I had glimpsed the whangdoop. And there it was! My eyes had not deceived me! It was not an ogplup! With all the caution at my command I made the whangdoop secure in my samgoon and, rewarding my mogpong with two pieces of prangrapang, we headed down the Plongdong. It was one of the most intensely exciting moments of my life!



EVEN SALVATION IS AFFECTED



AT THE BEACH CLUB

"THERE GOES MY FIRST HUSBAND WITH HIS PRESENT WIFE."

"LET'S SEE, WHO IS SHE?"

"DON'T YOU REMEMBER? SHE IS MY SECOND HUSBAND'S WIFE."

Major Sir Henry Smiler-Watkin to His Wife

Washington, D. C.

PRICELESS OLD THING: You will be interested to know that old England is not the only country which is so beastly beset with strikes and what not. There has been a conference here between Labor, Capital and the Public. What bally use the Public was I cannot see, for their representatives were about half and half Labor and Capital, and when did Capital and Labor ever pay any attention to the Public, anyway?

At any rate, they fell out in the end, and Labor withdrew jolly well miffed. Their leader, an extraordinary person named Gompers, who was born on the East Side of London, I believe, and has come to be leader of the Labor Party, stated that he was not bitter against anybody or anything; that nothing could make him bitter; that bitterness could not find a place in his nature, and on top of it he withdraws from the conference and goes out to start more strikes. Silly claptrap, what?

I am not at all certain, my dear, that it is not a good thing for old England to be under such a debt. At any rate, it is not a good thing for America to be so rich. One gets the impression that the people are speculating beyond their means and are living on the brink of a panic. The



"WELCOME, LITTLE STRANGER!"



"NOW THEN! HOW SOON ARE YUH GOIN' TO GIT THIS SIDEWALK CLEANED?"

labor agitation seems to be a rather blind struggle for more. God knows that our working people deserve a great deal more than they ever had, but people here with a standard of life far beyond that of many a Kensington family are clamoring for more. The Americans are an extraordinary people when they have something to work for, but at present I think it is a case of, as they say, "I don't know where I am going, but I am jolly well traveling."

Make sure that no one but Richards rides Cordite. The others have hands like lead.

Semper fidelis.

HENRY.

SUITOR: Please, I'd like to marry your daughter.

FATHER: But can you support her in the manner in which her favorite screen heroine is accustomed to live?

Made in the Time of Drought

(Apologies to W. E. Henley)

FLAGONS that foamed before us
In some oak-panelled grill;
A quartette's minor chorus;
A keller's noonday chill,
All calm and dark and still;
Waiters that flit like ghosts;
Bright glasses, brighter toasts;
An oat-straw's questing dips;
A julep's ferneries;
Brandy that stings and whips—
To live, I think of these!

The Ritz, with none to bore us;
A cocktail's tingling thrill
That starts at the pylorus
And ends—ah, where you will!
A taproom's stepworn sill;
Rubicund, smiling hosts;
Someone's inebriate boasts;
Slugs and three-finger nips;
Pretzels and Edam cheese
Munched between amber sips—
To live, I think of these!

Things we took to restore us;
The Black Cat, the Red Mill;
Hebe dancing to pour us,
Waiting our nod to fill;
The Club—its monthly bill;
Comradely street-lamp posts;
Claret-accompanied roasts;
Milk punches, sherry flips,
Bronxes and daiquiris;
Tall steins and orange pips—
To live, I think of these!

Envoi

Gray mugs and silver drips,
A gay bartender's quips,
The shaker's mysteries;
Red wine and redder lips—
To live, I think of these!

F. Gregory Hartswick.

PROHIBITION is on the increase; it has been extended to include sugar and coal.



Peace: I THOUGHT THEY WANTED ME



FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH



Old Lady: IT'S THAT DESTRUCTIVE WILLIE BROWN! YESTERDAY HE BROKE MY WINDOW, AND TO-DAY IT'S MRS. SIMPSON'S POND



"HERE YOU ARE, MR. GAYBOY; SIGN AGAIN, YOU KNOW YOU HAVEN'T MISSED IN YEARS"

A Curious Baby

1920 comes into the world with both hands open, a bottle of wood-alcohol in one and a bomb in the other.

Instead of being bald it is born with long hair, à la Russe. Instead of bawling it sits up straight and asks for a union card.

There never was an older New Year's born on this planet.

Drawing the Line

THE CHAIRMAN: Don't you think, gentlemen, in view of the high cost of living, we ought to increase our pastor's salary?

VESTRYMAN: That's all right. But don't pay him for overtime on his sermons.



"SIDE OR TOP POCKETS, SIR?"
"WHAT USE WILL I HAVE FOR POCKETS WHEN I GET THROUGH PAYING FOR THIS SUIT?"



"SAY, PA, WOULD YOU AN' UNCLE MIND IF I BORROW MY NEW ENGINE FOR A LITTLE WHILE?"



THE ETERNAL COMMAND—"MOVE ON!"

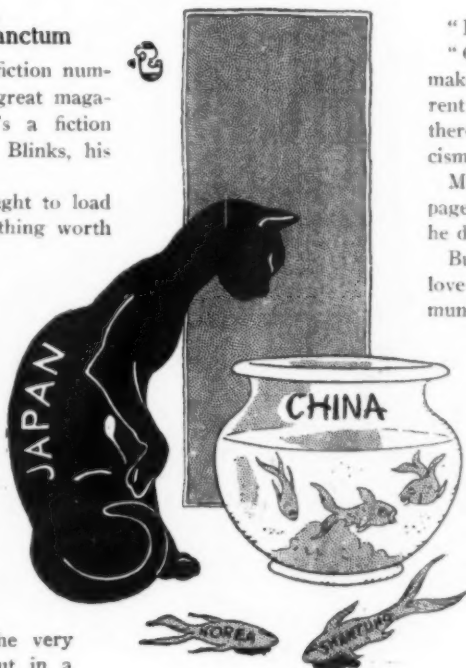
Scene in a Modern Sanctum

"WHY, of course it'll be a fiction number!" cried Moush, the great magazine editor. "Every number's a fiction number." He was talking to Blinks, his assistant.

"But don't you think we ought to load in just a little ballast of something worth while?" pleaded Blinks. "This eternal cargo of love-story slush makes me sick, and there must be some readers who'd care for a real informative article now and then."

"No!" shouted Moush. "The day for serious articles on any subject has gone by. We're not trying to educate the American public. We're trying to sell our magazine."

"But people just can't live on jam and honey—nothing but honey and jam! For the very public's sake, we ought to put in a little plain bread."



"Bread! What do you mean by bread?"

"Oh, I don't suggest anything that would make 'em really *think*!—anything about current politics or actual social problems. But there's travel — biography — history — criticism—"

Mr. Moush frowned. "Didn't we have two pages of bunk about spiritualism last month?" he demanded.

But Mr. Blinks shrugged. "That was only love-stuff in disguise," he insisted; "communications from a departed lover to his ex-wife."

"Last year we had some so-called science in an article on the inhabitants of Mars," persisted Moush.

"Oh, that sort of rot insults people's intelligence," Blinks protested. "All I propose is something reasonably solid, though not heavy—say, this travel article, or that clever book review by Makem."

"Book review!" shouted Mr. Moush. "Who cares anything about books! . . . Oh, well," he added, after a moment's profound thought, "put that story of 'Her First Kiss' "



IMAGINE THE DRY FEELINGS OF MAJOR MARS, 1ST INFANTRY, AND CAPTAIN MERCURY, AVIATION SERVICE, ON THEIR RETURN FROM OVERSEAS

over to next month, if you like, and run in this science article on 'Why Men Prefer Blondes.' And I hope you and the highbrows will be satisfied!" Mr. Moush walked up and down the room, and smiled and nodded with self-approval. "We are certainly showing the greatest magazine ever published!"

Portly

"WHAT has become of the man who used to beat the big bass drum?" asked the returning citizen.

"He left us more than a year ago," was the answer.

"Good man, wasn't he?"

"Sure! But he got so fat that when he marched he couldn't hit the drum in the middle."

WHY not rename this country Fanatica?



WHY WILLIE WANTS AN AEROPLANE



WAITING AT THE STAGE DOOR



DECEMBER 25
1919

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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SO long as the sun shines behind the clouds, or even the moon, when there is one, it must be that daylight clouds really have a silver lining. Also moonlight clouds part of the time at least.

This consoling thought, so well backed up by luminous facts, encourages us to look for the silver lining of our great national trouble and world-calamity, the hold-up of the Peace Treaty in the Senate.

There must be many people who have been groping for months past for an answer to the inquiry: "Why this bitter trial?" We finally did well in the war and won the good opinion of nearly all the world. And when it came to peace-making, our representatives stood for the most generous ideals that were brought forward. They influenced the Treaty, and though they could not make it good, they did secure the infusion into it of exceedingly important and unselfish ideas such as were praised by all the allies until they won the war. But when the Treaty comes home, what happens? It goes to the Senate and the Senate makes a football of it, while a shivering and hungry world looks on in consternation. It falls into the hands of a Massachusetts reactionary, who sends it to a foreign relations committee packed to kill it. There it lodges for many weeks, and when it finally comes out, there is a long wrangle, and it fails of passage, and our credit as a nation that cares for humanity, and will back the word of its lawful representatives, goes to smash in every capital and every hamlet in the world.

Why should this great humiliation befall us? It is not the fault of the mass of our people. They have meant well and done wonders. It is not the fault of our soldiers who fought, and died when necessary, to secure the safety of the world, and bring a new hope to civilization. It is the fault of our institutions; of the Constitution which seems to give the Senate power to wreck treaties, and of the Senate itself which, in the development of the country, has quadrupled in size, and come to be inevitably inclusive of a lot of vain and self-important men, extremely selfish, profoundly irresponsible, and hopelessly unfit to be entrusted with a permanent veto power on measures that concern the relations of our country with its neighbors.

Unless we are willing that discipline shall be wasted on us, we must look for the cause of our national mortification, and try to remove it. We must abate the great nuisance of the Senate as a treaty-burking body, and the prospect that the deep indignation that is accumulating will presently be strong enough to accomplish this big job of rectification is the silver lining to the grievous cloud in the shadow of which we crouch.



THE Senate as a treaty-buster is a world-nuisance. That has been patent for a long time. In a letter written two months ago a reader of LIFE, who lives in Nevada, said:

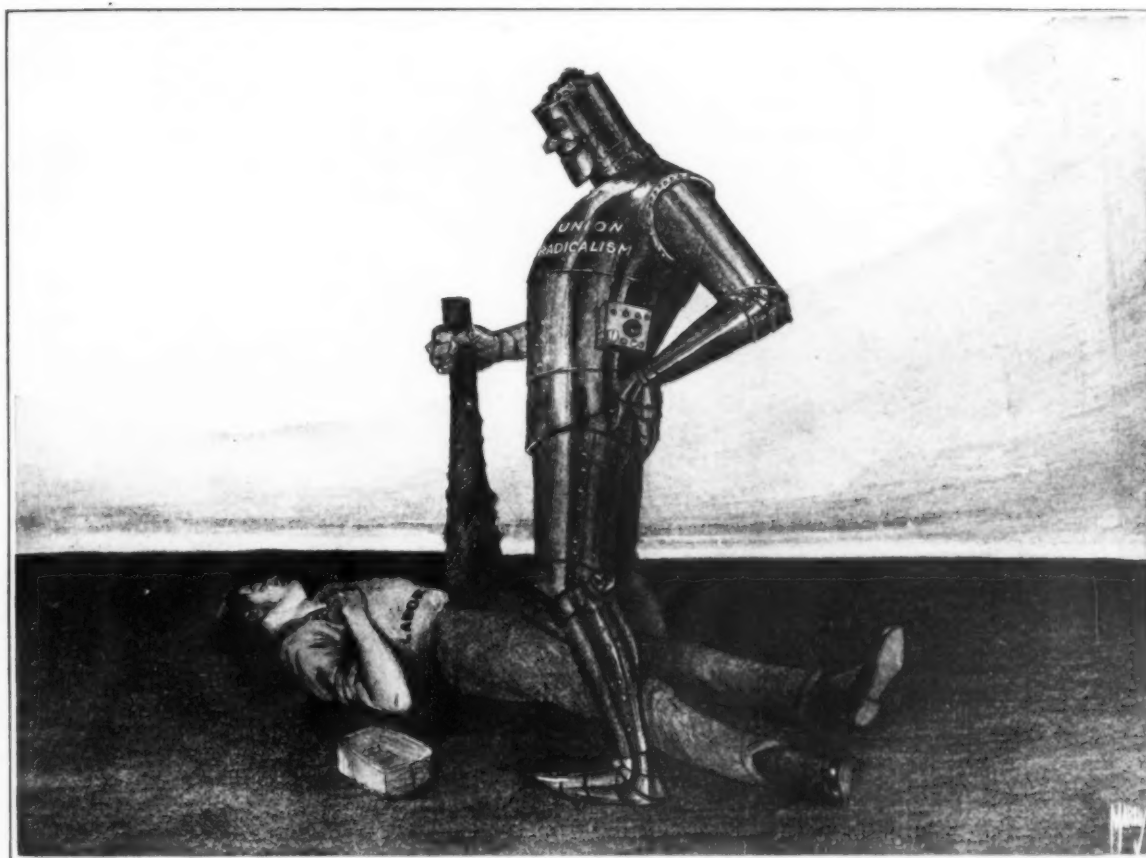
It is interesting that Henry Adams ("The Education of Henry Adams,"

page 374) reports John Hay as saying: "A treaty of peace, in any normal state of things, ought to be ratified with equanimity in twenty-four hours. They wasted six weeks in wrangling over this one, and ratified it with one vote to spare. We have five or six matters now demanding settlement. I can settle them all, honorably and advantageously to our own side; and I am assured by leading men in the Senate that not one of these treaties, if negotiated, will pass the Senate. I should have a majority in every case, but a malcontent third would certainly dish every one of them."

Mr. Richard Olney felt that the Senate had usurped treaty-making powers not given it in the Constitution. His feelings about its use of those powers were the same as Colonel Hay's, and appear at length in a letter he wrote in 1897.

Colonel Roosevelt, who for many years was the courage and the conscience of Mr. Lodge, left scornful evidence of the same sentiment.

So it was twenty years ago. So it is now. Then there was a Republican President, now there is a Democratic President, but the situation is the same and the trouble is the same. The trouble is that the Senate is likely always to be furnished with enough malcontents to block, under present rules, the best treaty that the wit and heart of man ever devised. There will always be a certain proportion of impossible senators, and there is no prompt way to discipline or get rid of them. The senators, of course, know that, and the good ones must lament it. Mr. Marshall had to remind them on December 13th that it was contrary to the rules of the Senate for one senator to speak disrespectfully of another. But how can they help it? How can a body subject, for example, to frequent inundations from such a remorseless and unconscionable word-spout as La Follette, speak always respectfully of its own members? In the week that ended December 13th the papers spoke of La Follette being on the third day of a speech on the railroad bill or something, and that, while the Senate's time ought to be precious beyond computation, and while print paper is very scarce and it is said to cost sixty thousand dollars a day to print the *Congressional Record*. How can one hope that a body that can't



ANOTHER FRANKENSTEIN?

dam a La Follette can ever deal promptly and sagaciously with treaties? What would our Fathers who made the Constitution have said to La Follette? What would they have said to Colonel Hay's letter to Mr. Adams? What to Mr. Lodge and the Battalion of Death?

They would have said, "Our foresight could not cover everything. The Constitution is yours, not ours, and you had better tinker it to match contemporary facts. It was we who made it, not Procrustes."

Every day the great duty of amending the Constitution to revise the Senate's power over treaties becomes more obvious. Perhaps it would do merely to provide that the Senate may accept a treaty by a majority vote. But surely there should also be a limitation of the time during which the Senate may hold a treaty up, and forty days seems a liberal allowance, with a provision that when there is rejection, or failure of agreement between Senate

and President for that length of time, a treaty may then go to the House for ratification. The House may be no wiser or better than the Senate, but at least it is nearer the people.



THIS is a matter that political platform makers for the coming Presidential campaign may well consider. Meanwhile the present Senate, still unabated and unchastened, may conclude that it is expedient to make a real effort to put the Peace Treaty through. Mr. Lodge considers that the Senate has killed and buried it, and that the President must dig it up and send it back if it is to have more attention. The President does not take that view; neither do Mr. Marshall, Senator Hitchcock and most of the other Democratic senators. They consider

that the Treaty is still before the Senate, and that the Senate has failed to act on it, and that unless it does so act the responsibility for its failure lies on the Senate. Senator Hitchcock has reasonably elastic views on reservations, and he and Senator Lodge ought to be able to agree on a Treaty that two-thirds of the Senate will vote for. If the Treaty in such form can be passed, the Senate will be quit of responsibility for holding up the world's peace, for it will have done its duty according to its lights. Then, if Mr. Wilson rejects it, the responsibility will be his. But if Mr. Lodge declines to dicker with Mr. Hitchcock and insists that Mr. Wilson must come to Canossa, the responsibility for blocking the Treaty will remain with the Senate, and Mr. Lodge, in addition to acquiring what glory there may be in blighting the current political hopes of mankind, may hope to rank as the chief compeller of an amendment to the Constitution to diminish the power of the Senate to put the world in a hole.



A literary evening at Mrs. Ketchum's when Miss Mabel
school of authors, reads selections from some of

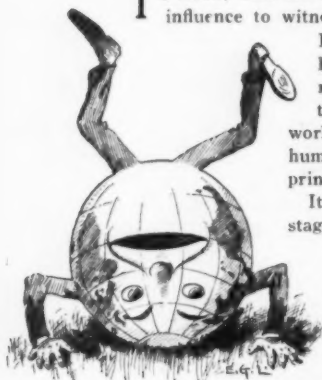


Miss Mabel Young, one of the most popular of the new
from some of her best known works



For All Americans

TO-DAY, with the whole world upside down, it is a calming influence to witness such a play as "Abraham Lincoln."



Its period, also a time of stress, shows honest minds in bitter conflict, but dominated by a greater mind controlling them, not by wordy ideals of instant world-reform, but by practical knowledge of human impulses, a simple, clear belief in principle and a great love of his native land.

It took an Englishman to group on the stage the greater incidents of Lincoln's life as simply as a story told in words of one syllable. And the marvel is that though English, and using the theatre for his medium, the author is likely to give to all Americans a closer acquaintance with the real Lincoln than they have ever gleaned from the countless columns and volumes written of him by his own countrymen. Mr. Drinkwater emphasizes the foresightedness that put Lincoln so far ahead of the politicians of his own time, and in this speech makes him almost prophetic of what we are facing to-day:

I too believe war to be wrong. It is the weakness and the jealousy and the folly of men that make a thing so wrong possible. But we are all weak and jealous and foolish. That is how the world is, and we cannot outstrip the world. . . . I believe that the world must come to wisdom slowly. It is for us who hate aggression to persuade men always and earnestly against it, and hope that, little by little, they will hear us. But in the meantime there will come moments when the aggressors will force the instinct to resistance to act. Then we must act earnestly, praying always in our courage that never again will this thing happen. . . . This appeal to force is the misdeed of an imperfect world. But we are imperfect. We must strive to purify the world, but we must not think ourselves pure above the world.

Strange words, these, to be spoken in the White House.

IT is difficult to treat of "Abraham Lincoln" as a play, because its appeal to Americans is so much deeper than a mere stage performance. And yet that it has technical excellence is shown by its long and undeniable success in both London and Birmingham. It lacks the essentials without which—

so the all-wise pundits who write about the theatre tell us—no drama can be a drama. There is no love interest—except a great man's almost passionate love for his country; no conflict—except his brave fight for an enslaved race against vested interests and against the political and sectional hatred that inspired his assassin. Although it has scenery and costumed actors as well as one rather cheaply theatrical episode, it is not a conventional play, but it is drama, and drama of the highest form, in that it narrates a story, and in the narration stirs in its hearers high thoughts and deep emotions.

There are flaws, like the occasional use of Anglicisms in the lines—such as putting "My word!" in the mouth of General Grant—but these are surprisingly few, considering that the play was written by an Englishman for performance in England. The London accent of some of the actors is a worse blemish, but one that American audiences have learned to accept in other plays where it is less out of character.

The impersonations of the historical characters are remarkably convincing. That of Mr. Lincoln by Mr. Frank McGlynn is one that will always be remembered by those who witness it. He is not only the Lincoln familiar in photographic and other portraiture, but in manner, expression, carriage and speech he seems to reproduce the inner Lincoln as he has come down to us in recorded deeds, sayings, thoughts and sympathies. There is even in delineation a touch of the humor and the sadness, without which Lincoln could not have been so humanly perfect. The General Grant of Mr. Albert Phillips is an impersonation whose faithfulness will, of their own knowledge, be recognized by not a few in present and future audiences. Others like Secretaries Seward, Stanton, Welles and Blair, Generals



"I HEAR YOUR PRODUCTION OF 'ROMEO AND JULIET' IS PLAYING TO CROWDED HOUSES. HOW DID YOU DO IT?"

Up-to-Date Manager: OH, EASY. I PUT ON A BARE-LEGGED CHORUS AND CHANGED THE TITLE TO "COME OFF THE FIRE-ESCAPE, JULIE."

Lee and Meade, Private Secretary Hay and Wilkes Booth are carefully reproduced in appearance and characteristics. On the female side resemblance is not so important, but in apparel and manners the women also help in the atmosphere created. Mr. Lonergan, the producer, is doubtless responsible for much of the success in individual acting and the convincing ensemble.

Mr. Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" will be

witnessed by many, many American audiences. It will be appreciated by everyone who still cherishes American ideals. Those who hold them lightly, and particularly those who seek their destruction, should be compelled, were such a thing possible, to see it and gain from it needed lessons in patriotism and love of their own country.

Metcalfe.

CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Until LIFE gets back to its regular schedule, readers are cautioned to verify from the daily newspapers the location and continuance of attractions mentioned.

Astor.—"East Is West," by Messrs. Shipman and Hymer, with Fay Bainter as the star. Romantic comedy drama of Chinese-American life in San Francisco. Well played.

Belasco.—"The Son-Daughter," by Messrs. Scarborough and Belasco, with Leonore Ulric. Chinese melodrama in New York elaborately and interestingly produced.

Bijou.—"His Honor Abe Potash," by Messrs. Montague Glass and J. E. Goodman, with Mr. Barney Bernard in the title rôle. Further amusing developments of the career of the senior member of the famous firm of Potash and Perlmutter.

Booth.—"Too Many Husbands," by Mr. W. Somerset Maugham. Extremely light but well played and diverting British farcical comedy.

Broadhurst.—"The Crimson Alibi," by Messrs. Cohan and Broadhurst. Puzzling melodrama of crime and mystery.

Casino.—"The Little Whopper," by Messrs. Harbach and Friml. Rather better than usual girl-and-music play.

Century.—"Aphrodite." Gorgeous spectacle demonstrating that life in ancient Alexandria was not at all like that in Brooklyn or Philadelphia.

Central.—"The Little Blue Devil." Girl-and-music show of the ordinary type.

Cohan.—"Elsie Janis and "her gang." Entertainment stunts from the A. E. F. entertainingly presented.

Cohan and Harris.—"The Royal Vagabond." More than usual vivacity in tuneful girl-and-music show.

Comedy.—"My Lady Friends," by Messrs. Nyitray and Mandel, with Mr. Clifton Crawford. Lots of laughs and good acting in clever American comedy.

Cort.—"Abraham Lincoln," by Mr. John Drinkwater. See above.

Criterion.—"One Night in Rome," by Mr. Hartley Manners, with Laurette Taylor. The star in an interesting drama and a congenial rôle.

Empire.—"Déclassée," by Zoe Akins, with Ethel Barrymore. The star at her best in an unusually well constructed international society drama.

Eltinge.—"The Girl in the Limousine," by Messrs. Collison and Hopwood. Farce notable principally from the fact that perhaps it is the last with the bedroom motive.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Storm," by Mr. Langdon McCormick. Stage reproduction of a forest fire the distinguishing feature of a not remarkable melodrama of the Northwest.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Carnival," with Mr. Godfrey Tearle. Notice later.

Fulton.—"Linger Longer Letty," with Charlotte Greenwood. The peculiar dancing ability of the star the main attraction of a not very festive girl-and-music show.

Gaiety.—"Lightnin'," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon. Well played character comedy deriving its interest from the divorce colony at Reno.

Garrick.—"The Rise of Silas Lapham," with Mr. James K. Hackett. New England play, delightful in atmosphere and acting.

Globe.—"Apple Blossoms," by Messrs. Kreisler, Jacobi and Le Baron. Girl-and-

music show to be rated A1 in that class of entertainment.

Greenwich Village.—"Curiosity," by Mr. H. Austin Adams. Notice later.

Harris.—"Wedding Bells," by Mr. Salisbury Field. Margaret Lawrence and Mr. Wallace Eddinger the congenial and competent stars of a most amusing American light comedy.

Henry Miller's.—"The Famous Mrs. Fair," by Mr. James Forbes, with Blanche Bates and Mr. Henry Miller. Notice later.

Hippodrome.—"Happy Days." Big spectacle and a lot of other big entertainment.

Hudson.—"Clarence," by Mr. Booth Tarkington. Rather slender, but diverting, comedy of youthful life in Indiana.

Longacre.—"Adam and Eva," by Messrs. Bolton and Middleton. Diverting exposition in comedy form of one method of dealing with an extravagant family.

Lyceum.—"The Gold Diggers," by Mr. Avery Hopwood, with Ina Claire. Detailed and amusing revelation of life among one class of New York's chorus girls.

Lyric.—"The Rose of China," by Messrs. Bolton, Wodehouse and Vecsey. Chinese drama unfolded with fair success in girl-and-music form.

Manhattan Opera House.—"Forbidden," by Dorothy Donnelly. Notice later.

Marine Elliott's.—"The Unknown Woman," by Marjorie Blaine and Mr. Willard Mack, with Marjorie Rambeau. Drama with the sex influence in politics providing the thrills. Fairly interesting.

Morisco.—"Civilian Clothes," by Mr. Thompson Buchanan. Diverting comedy giving employment to the returned soldier.

Nora Bayes.—"Greenwich Village Follies." New York's freak neighborhood supplying scene and atmosphere for an average girl-and-music show.

Playhouse.—"For the Defence." Notice later.

Plymouth.—"The Jest," by Mr. Sem Benelli, with Messrs. John and Lionel Barrymore. Excellently staged and acted drama of medieval Florence.

Matinees, plays from the Russian of Gorky. Notice later.

Princess.—"Nightie Night," by Stanley and Matthews. Light but really funny farce.

Punch and Judy.—"Miss Millions," by Messrs. Burnside and Hubbell. Notice later.

Republic.—"The Sign on the Door," by Mr. Channing Pollock. Notice later.

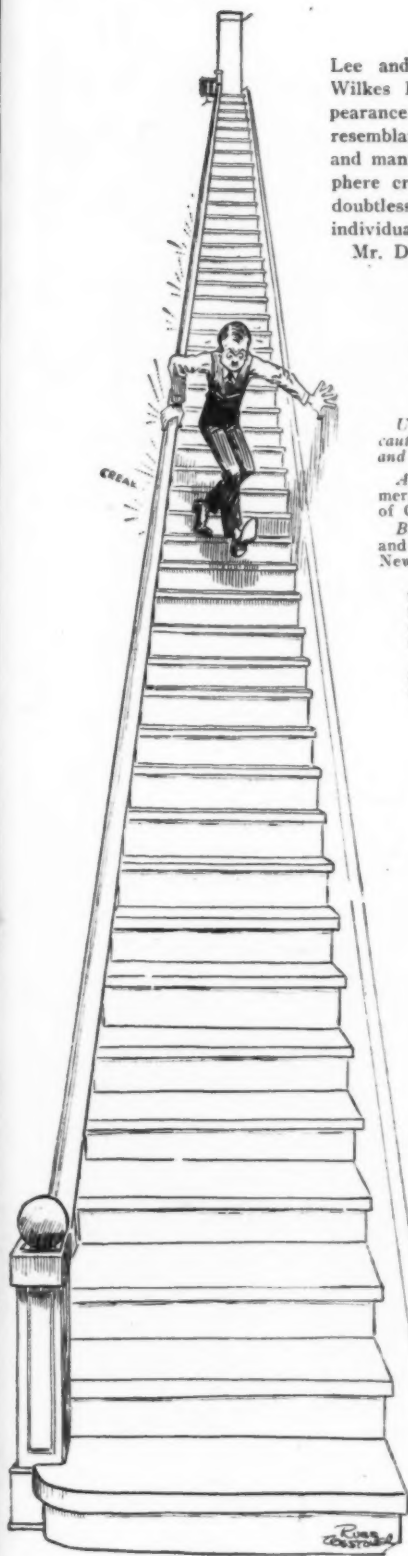
Selwyn.—"Buddies," by Messrs. Hobart and Hilliam. Music applied intermittently to a romance of the A. E. F. in France.

Shubert.—"The Magic Melody," by Messrs. Kummer and Romberg. Pretentious and agreeable musical play.

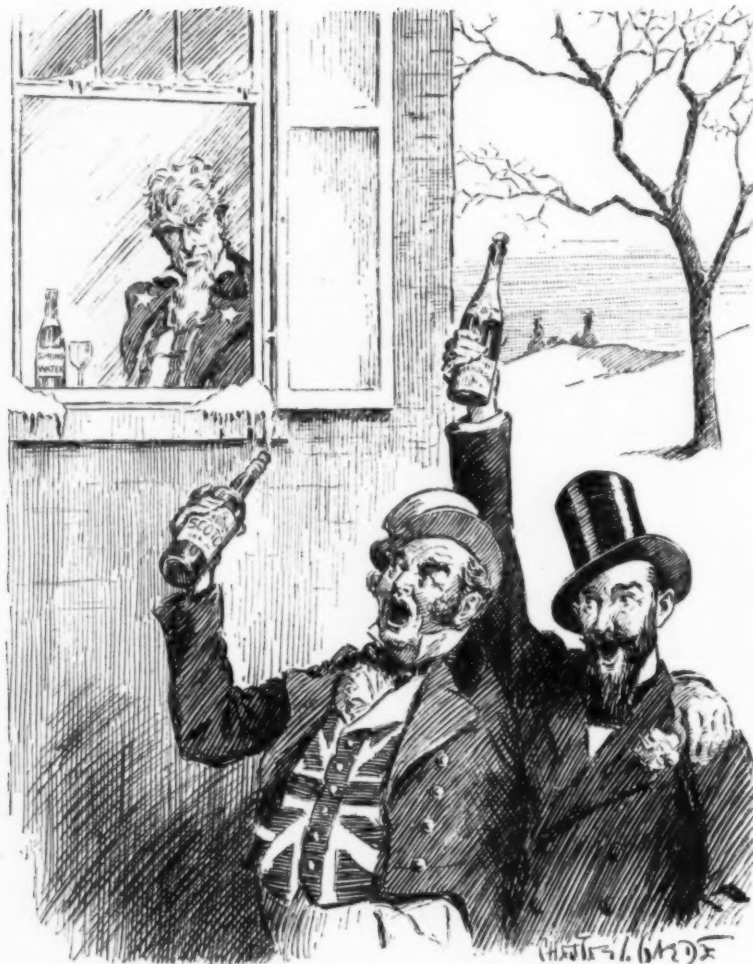
Thirty-ninth Street.—"Scandal," by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton. Clever and well played sex comedy.

Vanderbilt.—"Irene," by Messrs. Montgomery and Tierney, with Edith Day. Unusually sprightly and well presented girl-and-music show.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1919." Exhibit X in the provision of gorgeous girl-and-music solace for the t. b. m.



WHEN YOU'VE JUST PUT THE
BABY TO SLEEP



"MERRY CHRISTMAS, SAM!"
"OH, GO TO ———!"

Mere Memories

THE triangle of apple pie, about half the size of first base, one could buy for a nickel.

The blackboard bill of fare that featured nothing but five-cent and ten-cent attractions.

The invitation that used to appear in small-restaurant windows:
"All You Can Eat—Twenty-five Cents."

The bottle of wine that went with a dollar table d'hôte dinner.
The grocer who, when you paid your monthly bill, gave you a sack of mixed candy.

The amiable, old-fashioned merchant who, when you happened to be a few cents short of the purchase price, used to say, "Never mind; that's close enough."

And the apple-cheeked hired girl who enjoyed doing the cooking, general housework, washing and ironing—for three dollars a week!

IT'S about time to draw the chalk line in the price of milk.

Pride and Prejudice

"I HAVE four children," she said
To the woman she had just met at tea,
"Four darling babies, and it is fascinating
Watching them grow up."
She spoke proudly.

"I have four children," she wrote
To her best friend, who lived at a great distance;

"Four little darlings,
Who are all my happiness."
She told this proudly.

"Four children, John! Just think!"
She said to her husband.
"Isn't it wonderful!"
She spoke proudly.

"I have four children," she said
To the cook she was trying to hire.
"I know it's too large a family.
I'm sorry."
She spoke apologetically.

J. P. G.

One Better

HOBB: Millington has got so he swears like a trooper.

NOGG: That isn't a good simile any more, old man. Why don't you say he swears like the heroine in an English novel?

What It Spells

Candles.	Toasts.
Holly.	Music.
Relatives.	Abed.
Indigestion.	Sleep!
Surprises.	



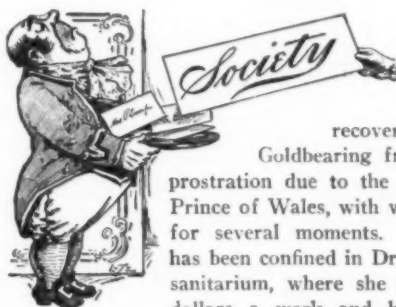
"LIFE," LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS



THE FARMER AND THE SNAKE

A FARMER, THROUGH PITY, BROUGHT A HALF-DEAD SNAKE TO BE WARMED AT HIS FIRE. NO SOONER HAD THE WARMTH RESTORED THE VIPER THAN IT BEGAN TO ATTACK THE FARMER'S HOUSEHOLD. FOR SUCH INGRATITUDE THE FARMER KILLED THE SNAKE.

Moral: BEWARE HOW YOU ENTERTAIN TRAITORS.—Æsop.



EVERYBODY who is anybody is rejoicing over the probable recovery of Miss Anodyne

Goldbearing from her regrettable prostration due to the recent visit of the Prince of Wales, with whom she conversed for several moments. Miss Goldbearing has been confined in Dr. Styckyoo's private sanitarium, where she paid four hundred dollars a week and had every comfort.

Miss Goldbearing, it will be remembered, is a granddaughter of Silas Goldbearing, and a cousin once removed of young Reggie F. Somewhat Pumpkyns, whose polo riding on the occasion of his visit to England before the war was favorably mentioned by King George.

Mrs. Addepose Tysson, whose husband, President Addepose Tysson of the Granulated Grabbe Refinery Corporation, recently made two millions in sugar, was seen going through Central Park in her limousine at four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon.

The Dodder Whoopers are having their dining-room done over, and the cost will be five thousand or so more

than the estimate. But, as Dodder says, "This is a different world from what it was."

Mrs. Pluto Bulge will give a series of receptions for her daughter, Miss Tessie Bbrowne-Rrobysoune Pluto Bulge, who has recently been graduated from Miss Twickenham Clacker's finishing school at Bohrdome-on-Hudson, where she took honors in conjugating several French verbs and in harp-playing. Miss Bulge also plays tennis very well. She is the grandniece of Baron Burssting Waade of Pennsylvania, who owns several coal mines and who upon the occasion of her sixteenth birthday presented her with one-tenth of his yearly profits, amounting to two or three millions or so. Miss Bulge will be chaperoned during the season by Mrs. Whooper Tootoo Kylling, who has just happily secured her eighth divorce, this time from Count Spagheto Capilina of the Metropolitan Opera House.

Mrs. Boodle-Galore is at Palm Beach with her cousin the Hon. Enyole Figure, her nephew Trowers van Guzzle and Lord Chumly-Mudde of Devonshire. Mr. Boodle-Galore, it is rumored, has gone to his winter camp in the Adirondacks with young Broadstreet Oylestocke and the Earl of Jiggersham, who recently visited in Newport at the house of the Goshwotta Pyles.

What Cahokia Says to Us

THE Kansas City *Star* reports that the great Cahokia mounds near St. Louis are about to disappear. It calls these mounds "the most important work of the lost race of Mound Builders," and quotes Mr. Gerard Fowke of the Missouri Historical Society as saying that they are "the most stupendous piles of earth ever erected by human hands solely as a monument or temple site." There are seventy-five of them, and the base of one big one covers sixteen acres. The purpose of their construction is still open to hypotheses. Nobody knows why the Mound Builders piled them up any more than anybody knows why Mr. Rockefeller piled up such a large fortune. But the mounds are there, and they stand, if for nothing else, as monuments to the peculiarity of human beings, and their propensity to do odd things and leave posterity to guess why.

But the mounds are said to be in peril. The *Star* says:

After a lifetime of effort, Fred Ramey, who owns the land on which the mounds are situated, has given up the attempt to interest the Legislatures of Missouri or Illinois or Congress in their preservation. He intends selling the land to a firm which seeks a factory and industrial plant region. And with the sale the mounds, like the race that erected them, will pass away.

The *Star* does not say how much land it is necessary to buy, or how much Bro. Ramey wants for it, but of

course these mounds ought to be preserved. They sound extremely interesting, and certainly these are times in which especially it is suitable to cherish and preserve all evidences of anything like permanency in the occupation of this earth by human beings. There has been in the last five years so much to suggest that human beings are not a success as inhabitants of this world that every impressive reminder that, in spite of their stupidity, they have stayed here a good while, ought to be preserved to encourage the generations to come. The Mound Builders are gone, like the Hohenzollerns, the Hapsburgs, the Romanoffs and the Republican party. All over the world in various places there are junglefuls of ruined cities without history. Grass is growing in the streets of Vienna, and the people there are eating it. St. Petersburg has streets of empty houses whose recent occupants have run away to save their lives. Babylon, Nineveh, Palmyra, Memphis are sandy plains a little rumpled here and there; Troy is a mere site for excavation; New York is much the same. The Fifth Avenue Hotel, the Tombs and the Astor House are gone, and no thoughtful observer can possibly believe in the permanency of anything on Manhattan Island. It is only a question what kind of wild cats will inhabit the subways. The continent of Atlantis is gone, and the frontier of France from Verdun around to Zeebrugge is a pock-marked waste embellished by rusty barbed wire and perforated by trenches, while the

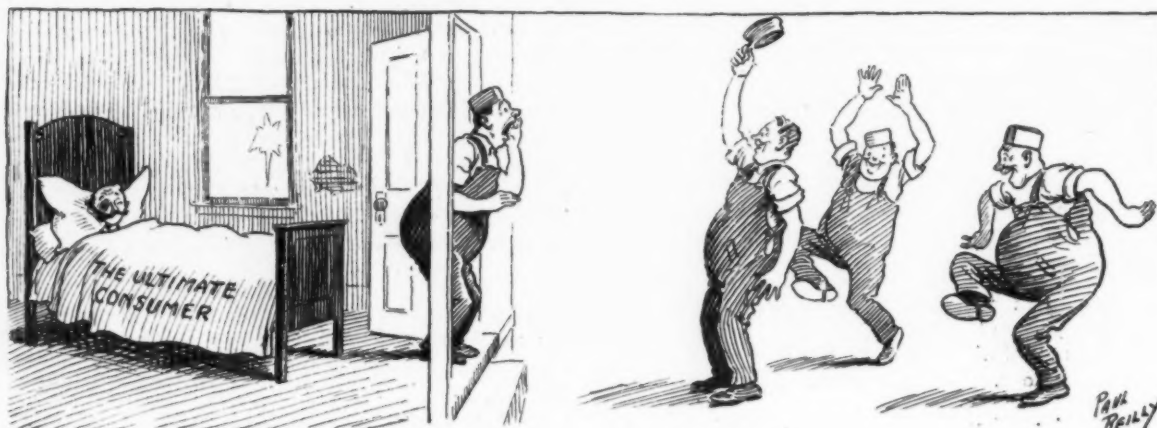
English pound is worth three dollars and seventy cents, and the papers are faintly discussing whether the Senate will feel it expedient presently to pause in bickering and let the disheveled world have peace.

All institutions on which rest the present apparatus of life in this world, not excepting the Constitution of the United States, look shaky, and existing nations are halted in their efforts to strengthen them by wretched disputations and squabbings for political or economic advantage. Inasmuch as we know that all material construction stands by virtue of ideas and rests on spirit, and inasmuch as we see current ideas and present spirit so inadequate to keep them going, let us by all means find out what Bro. Ramey wants for his land, and buy it and protect those Cahokia mounds, so that people who come after us, if there are some, may have that much evidence that the continent of North America was once inhabited.

And the mounds have another use. The Mound Builders have disappeared so completely that the mounds are all there is of them. They are our local testimony that races of men capable at least of industry may disappear if they cease to keep up with the times, and catch the light that is offered them and live by it.

The mounds carry a great lesson, but in meditating on the lesson let us not forget the mounds. They ought to be a national reservation.

E. S. Martin.



"DON'T CHEER, BOYS—THE POOR DEVIL IS DYING!"



THE MEXICAN QUESTION
"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?"

Hic Labor, Hoc Opus Est

"WHAT is the prisoner charged with?" asked the Cadi, casting a wary eye over the party in question whose unkempt appearance left no doubt of his guilt in the mind of any unprejudiced person present.

"Drunk and disorderly," chanted the custodian of the public safety respectfully.

"What was he doing?" inquired the magistrate.

"Settin' on the curb, and claimed he was thinkin', yer Honor."

"Has he been searched?" asked the Cadi hurriedly.

"Sure, yer Honor. All we found was a paper with various writings on it."

The Cadi took the paper and read to himself: "If Labor is not a commodity, why is money a commodity?"



Norman Rockwell

THE MARIONETTE



"OH, NO, I'M NOT A BOLSHIEVIK—BUT I HAVE A NUMBER OF THEM ON MY LIST"

"The poor fellow is an insane banker," murmured the Cadi, glancing over his spectacles kindly. He continued to read: "If Labor is represented on the Board of Directors, should not family men who hold stock be represented in the Councils of Labor?"

"He must have been very rich once," whispered the Cadi. He read: "If the Clayton law makes exclusive agencies illegal, how is the closed shop to be justified? If the Steel Trust is a monopoly, what is the A. P. of L?"

"Who are you?" demanded the Cadi sharply.

"I'm a Consumer, Judge," replied the Object in a low voice.

"Guilty of Anachronism!" thundered the Cadi. "Take him away! It

is these men," he added, turning to the reporters and slipping the paper into his inside pocket, "who do not understand our American institutions that constitute the greatest menace to the Republic to-day."

Usually

WILLIS: Was the investigation into the city's finances a success?

GILLIS: Yes, indeed. The committee discovered that almost ten thousand dollars had been spent illegally.

WILLIS: Great work.

"Sure was. We felt that the eighty-seven thousand nine hundred and eighty-seven dollars that the committee's expenses amounted to was well spent."



Guaranteeing the Guarantee

When the Sales Manager says: "We can strengthen our guarantee now that our product is Robbins & Myers equipped," it means increased prestige and profit through easier selling and greater satisfaction.

And sales managers are saying that everywhere. For they have come to learn that the operating efficiency insured by any Robbins & Myers Motor is fully in keeping with their own high standard of manufacture.

Robbins & Myers Motors guarantee the performance of a host of the better electrically operated labor-saving devices. You will find them on addressing and mailing machines in the office; on coffee grinders and food choppers in the store; on vacuum cleaners and washing machines in the home; as well as a built-in part of high-grade electrical tools.

The makers of such equipment prefer R&M Motors because these motors enable them to strengthen and *guarantee their guarantee*.

Back of this recognized R&M efficiency is a 22-year experience in the making of quality motors ranging from 1-40 to 50 horsepower. Power users, as well as electrical equipment manufacturers, are saving money through uninterrupted production insured by Robbins & Myers Motors.

The Robbins & Myers engineering bureau will gladly co-operate with you in selecting the particular R&M Motor or Motors best suited to your requirements.

Representative dealers also find added prestige in the Robbins & Myers line.

The Robbins & Myers Co., Springfield, Ohio
For Twenty-two Years Makers of Quality Fans and Motors
Branches in All Principal Cities

Robbins & Myers Motors





The Style's the Man

TEACHER: How is it that you're so late, Tommy?

TOMMY: 'Cause there was a man pinched for stealin' hens and setting a house on fire, an' knockin' down five policemen, an' mither sent me roon to see if it was fairther.—*Blighty*.

Cautious Clara

"Be my wife and you will make a new man of me."

"Yes, and as soon as you'd become a new man you would probably think you were good enough for some other woman."—*Boston Transcript*.

Depreciated

THE PUGNACIOUS GENTLEMAN: But 'e bin an' called me a "Un."

THE PEACEMAKER: Well, he may have meant it quite kindly-like, Bill. It ain't as if we was still at war with the dirty 'ounds.—*Punch*.



Shade of Jesse James: AND THEY TALK ABOUT THE WILD WEST!

A Return Favor

A member of the Chicago bar tells the following story of the coolest man he ever knew. This man was awakened one night by burglars. He got up and went downstairs, and as he entered the dining-room, where the thieves were engaged in wrapping up the silver-plate, they covered him with their revolvers. This, however, did not disconcert the householder at all.

"Pardon me for disturbing you, gentlemen," said he, "but I should like you to do me a favor. If it is not too much to ask, will you be so good as to post this letter for me? It must go to-night. It's the premium for my burglary insurance."—*Harper's*.

A Leading Question

"Will you come and make a four at bridge, sir?"

"I'm exceedingly sorry, sir, but I don't play bridge."

"You don't play bridge, sir? Then what the devil did you join a golf club for?"—*Tatler*.

Another Explanation

I. W. W.—Ignorance Within and Without.—*Dallas News*.

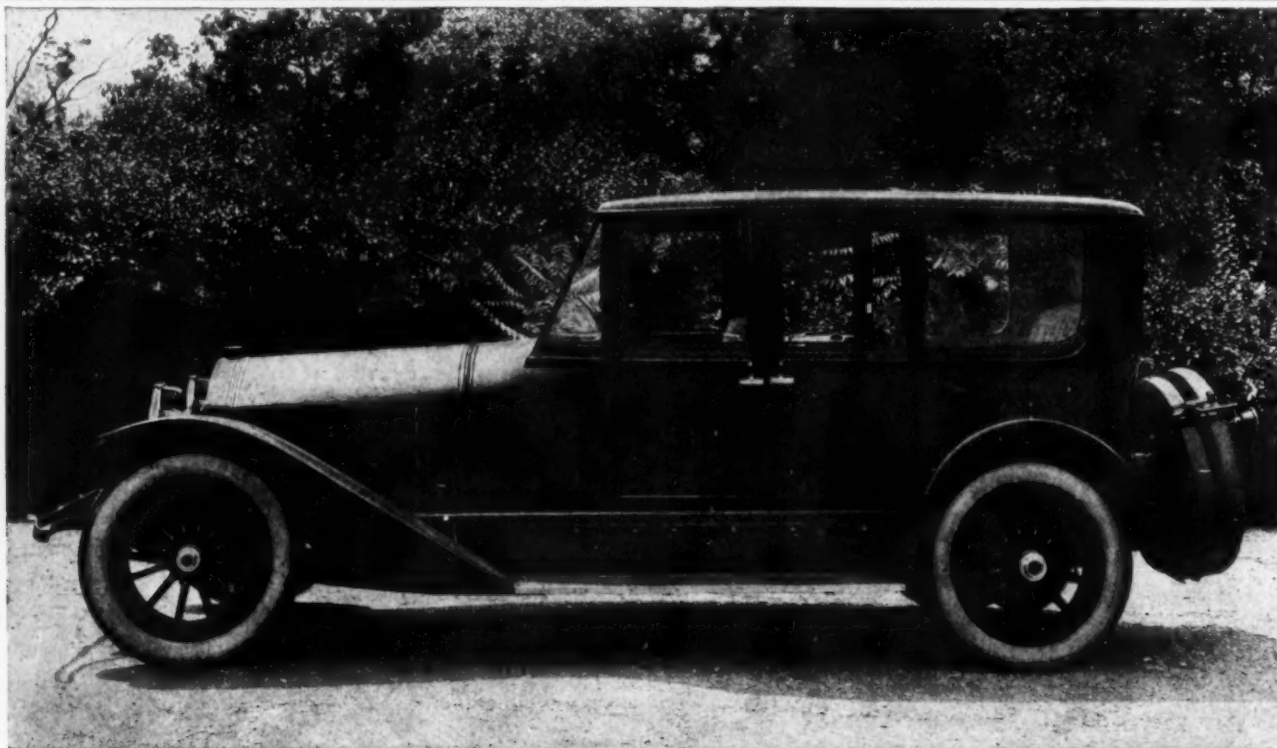
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LOCOMOBILE SEDAN

Exemplifying the Beauty and Distinction that come of Custom Designing

The Locomobile Company of America, Bridgeport, Conn.

The French Babies

THE printers' strike has robbed LIFE of the space to make prompt acknowledgments of contributions to the French War Orphans' Fund. As of November 20th we have received \$356,271.53, from which there have been remitted to Paris 2,076,229.50 francs. The acknowledgments below extend to November 11th, and show that we have received from

The John F. Byers Machine Company, Ravenna, Ohio, for Babies Nos. 3748 and 3749 \$146
D. H. Grandin Milling Company, Jamestown, N. Y., for Baby No. 3750.... 73
RENEWALS: Mr. and Mrs. H. Lazare, San Anselmo, Cal., \$73; The Current Comment Club of Forest Glen, Md., \$73; Eleanor Wyllis Allen, Boston, Mass., \$23; Helen Chase Streeter and John William Streeter, Stonington, Conn., \$146; Mrs. H. H. Corson, Jr., Minneapolis, Minn., \$73; "Paul and Virginia," Washington, D. C., \$73; Julia R. Foster, Clifton, Cincinnati, Ohio, \$73; Hollister and Malcolm Smith, Oakland, Cal., \$23; The Thimble Club, Wells-ville, N. Y., \$73; Lee and George Martin Gill, Englewood, N. J., \$23; M. T. Little, Honolulu, H. T., \$3; Mrs. D. W. Grubbs, Harrodsburg, Ky., \$73; H. P. A. Framingham, Mass., \$18; Harwood Spencer, Somerset, England, \$146; H. and J. Troy, N. Y., \$36.50; Mrs. Katherine M. Burke, Ewa, Hawaii, \$73; W. S. Ford, Washington C. H., Ohio, \$73.

PAYMENTS ON ACCOUNT: Anne Slack Jones, Grenada, Miss., \$6; Maurice W. Williams, New York City, \$36.50; G. S. Watson, Lyons, N. Y., \$7; Albert and Mabel Hill, Philadelphia, Pa., \$15; I. X. L. Class of the First Presbyterian Sunday School, Napoleon, Ohio, \$9.13; Lizette Ward, Washington, D. C., \$3; Bettie May Boswell, Washington, D. C., \$12; Mary McCamant, El Paso, Texas, \$14; "A Friend," Pueblo, Colo., \$23; Mrs. W. H. Gass, East Liverpool, Ohio, \$18.25; Florence Reeves, Montclair, N. J., \$10.75; L. F. K., New York City, \$15; Winifred Morris, Dover, Del., \$1; Clara Goodwin, Augusta, Me., \$3; W. A. Hoare, Santa Susana, Cal., \$20; Harry G. Bickley, Williamsburg, Pa., \$6; Mr. and Mrs. A. Keeney Clarke, New York City, \$10; Mrs. A. S. Sigurdson, Valley City, N. D., \$3; Phyllis L. Charles, Ellwood City, Pa., \$10; Mrs. M. L. Walker, Portland, Ore., \$6; Class of 1913, Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass., \$16; Marjory M. Struble, Ann Arbor, Mich., \$3.25; J. W. Sproles and B. C. Hodges, Greenwood, S. C., \$8.30; The French Club, Washington C. H., Ohio, \$5; Corinne D. Schaum, York, Pa., \$3; Ina Blue, Izzetta Shales and Florence Sweetwood, Detroit, Mich., \$9; Irma Price, New York City, \$6; Guy U. Yarnell, Ellensburg, Wash., \$3; Laura V. Edwards, Cleveland, Ohio, \$10; Lendahand Club, Yonkers, N. Y., \$3; Julia M. Nelson, Woodhaven, L. I., \$8; The girls of Ogilvie's sewing room, East Liverpool, Ohio, \$36.50; Mrs. Lee Hynes, Albany, N. Y., \$5; Mrs. A. J. Brehm, Pratt, Kansas, \$36; Jobe's Efficiency Club, Xenia, Ohio, \$21.60; W. H. Tomhave, State College, Pa., \$13; Mrs. R. J. McDonald, Valley City, N. D., \$3; Pauline Kraemer and Frieda Heidecker, New York City, \$10; Mrs. W. H. Kraemer, Wilmington, Del., \$10.

BABY NUMBER 3745

Already acknowledged \$49.68
The Downtown Digest, Washington, Conn. 5
Miss Fern Wells, Salem, Ore. 3.68
Oliver V. Matthews, Salem, Ore. 4.2
Aline Wilson, Columbia, Mo. 4
The John F. Byers Machine Company, Ravenna, Ohio 10.22

\$73

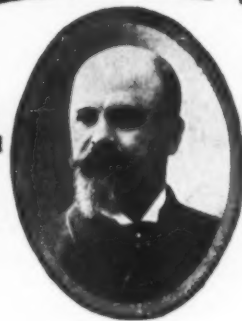
BABY NUMBER 3751

The John F. Byers Machine Company, Ravenna, Ohio \$40
Katharine Johnson, Gabriel Stone, Betty Babcock, Nathalie Starr, Caroline Pratt, Janet Pratt, Anne Morrow, Betty Malburn and Theodore Johnson, Englewood, N. J. 28
In loving memory of Lt. Henry John Scobell, died of wounds, November 15, 1918 5

\$73

BEEMAN'S

ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

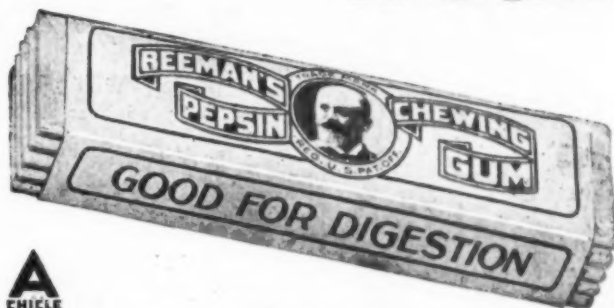


An Aid to Digestion

I HAVE found that many people by the routine use of my Original Pepsin Chewing Gum ten minutes after each meal find that it aids their digestion, because the chewing of the gum stimulates the flow of saliva which is so necessary to the proper digestion of food.

This applies with particular force and emphasis to business men and business women, who often attribute to other causes a decrease in their efficiency, while the fact of this let-down is due entirely to some slight form of indigestion.

W. S. Beeman



New York

AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

Cleveland

Chicago

Kansas City

San Francisco

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



What Could She Say to That?

"What!" cried the careful housewife. "You charge me a shilling a pound for these apples?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the polite grocer, "that is the very lowest price we can sell them for."

"How is it that I can get them from Todd's for eightpence, then?"

"I cannot say, madam. Perhaps Mr. Todd has taken a fancy to you. He is a widower and you are beautiful. Unfortunately I—Yes'm, two pounds? Certainly."—*Blighly*.

Cherchez l'Homme

DAUGHTER: Oh, father, how grand it is to be alive! The world is too good for anything! Why isn't everyone happy?

FATHER: Who is he this time?

—*Carolina Tar Baby*.

Fashion Note

Reds are going out.

—*New York Evening Post*.

"WHAT makes women laugh?" asks a contemporary. Speaking generally, men.

—*Punch*.

25¢

STEPHANO BROS. PHILADELPHIA

RAMESES II

Manufactured from the mildest superior quality selected
YENIDJE TURKISH TOBACCO
and from the best rice paper made
in proper Egyptian Style.

EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES TURKISH TOBACCO

Nobody ever changes
from
RAMESES
CIGARETTES
— the cigarette world
produces nothing better

EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES TURKISH TOBACCO

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Always Ready

Sign here Please

While the Sun Shines

One morning Mr. Jenkins, the proprietor of the village provision stores, received a letter which caused him to indulge in a few imprecations at its cool effrontery. It ran as follows:

"Dear Sir: Will you let my little boy, Billy, 'ave six loaves and a pund of cheaze on trust, as my 'usband is out of work, and will yer rap the cheaze in a bit of the situations vacant advertisements of a newspaper, and tie the bread in a lump of your buter muslin, cos if the werst comes to the werst and the old man don't find a job 'e'll have to borry your pair of steps and a pail and go out winder cleaning."—*Tit-Bits*.

A Word Painter

"How far from here do you live?" asked the man who had listened attentively to the real estate agent.

"Oh, several miles."

"I'm sorry for that. I'm sure my family could be happy forever in this suburb if we could only drop in on you occasionally and hear you talk about it."

—*Washington Star*.

Straight Talk

OLD DARKY (to shiftless son): I hearn tell you is married. Is you?

SON (ingratiatingly): I ain't sayin' I ain't.

OLD DARKY (severely): I ain't ask you is you ain't; I ask you ain't you is.

—*American Legion Weekly*.

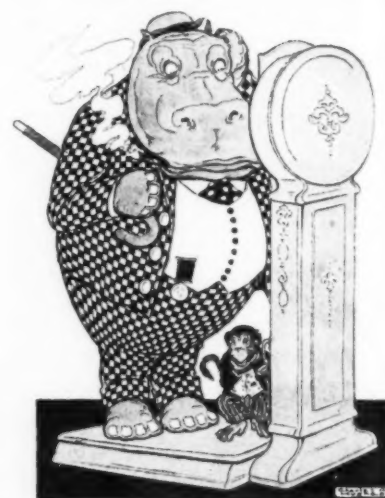
Wise Mother

"Why is it your mother trusts us so seldom alone?"

"She knows me better than you do, John."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

THERE are friends who will forgive you. . . . The rare one is the one who will teach you how to forgive yourself.—*New York Evening Sun*.

A PHILOSOPHICAL anarchist must be something like an inspired agnostic, or a first person singular in the accusative case.—*Wall Street Journal*.



"HOLY MACKEREL! ANOTHER FIVE POUNDS! HOW DO I GET THAT WEIGH?"

Carrying On

"Have you had too much to eat, dear?" asked the anxious mother.

"Not yet," replied the child bravely.

—*Punch*.

HERE COMES 1920
hand in hand with



The
Hearty,
Joyful
Beverage
made for
you by
Evans

The
New
Year's
Best
to
all
Good
Drinkers

FORMERLY KNOWN AS CHECONA EVANS ALE

True to all of the 134 years of Evans' Excellence and Tradition.
Try it at Hotels or Restaurants. Supplied by the Cash by

Leading Dealers
C. H. EVANS & SONS Etab. 1786 HUDSON, N.

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The Ideal Winter Resort
(Furness Line, Whitehall St., N. Y.)
PRINCESS HOTEL Opens Dec. 19
Howe & Tworoger, Managers
HOTEL FRASCATI Open Dec. 8
Frank J. Gray, Manager

Undressional

COATS in whose depths the moth has dwelled,
Trousers whose bosoms gleam and shine,
Hats of a bygone age we've held,
Shoes of an ancient, soleless line,
Stay by us still! We lack, as yet,
The price to get
Another set.

Hoisted, the prices mount on high;
Hoisted again, they mount still higher.
Tailor and cobbler gaily try
To hoist us out of our attire.
Pants of the patches, frail, but yet
Our one best bet
Against regret.

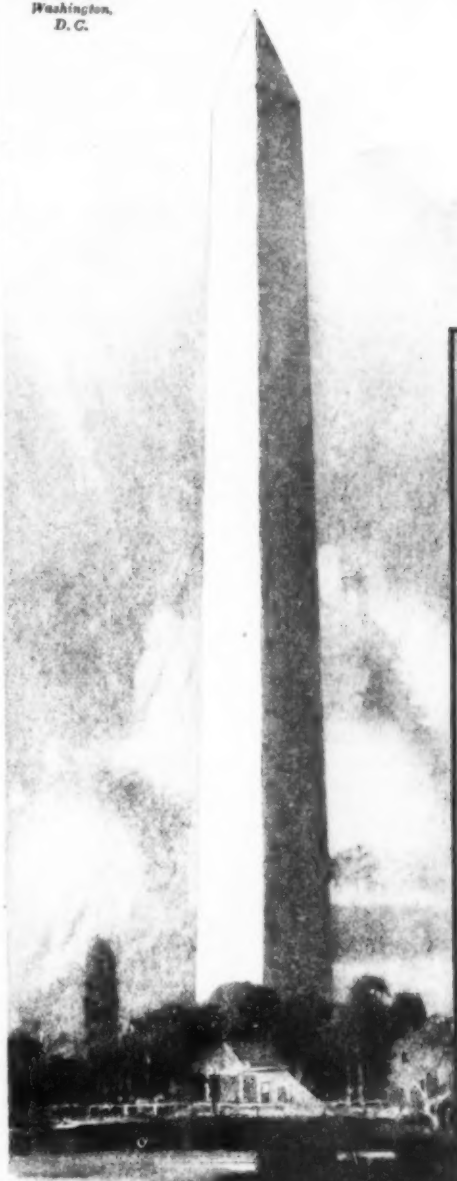
Grabbed at, our dollars shrink to pence;
Shrinking, we slink in sad array,
Clad we in only innocence,
But for the clothes of yesterday.
Hold fast each thread. The law won't let
The smarting set
Wear fig leaves yet.

Roland F. Andrews.

Our Nine Muses

AQUA: Muse of poetry.
Shimmy: Muse of dress.
Jazz: Muse of music.
Bluff: Muse of history.
Split: Muse of dancing.
Bore: Muse of "movies."
Mawk: Muse of literature.
Yammer: Muse of song.
Tastenot: Muse of freedom.

Washington
Monument
Washington,
D. C.



A Very Agreeable Aperient

To quickly and surely overcome dizziness, headache, exhaustion, biliousness, indigestion and the many ills of constipation—nothing surpasses Eno's "Fruit Salt."

Stimulates and regulates the digestive tract naturally. A spoonful in a glass of water makes a drink that reaches the pinnacle of pleasant taste and agreeable after-effect.

The pre-dominating sense of good health that pervades your system, after its use, is beyond comparison with the trifling cost of one dollar for a large bottle. At all druggists.

Prepared only by
J. C. ENO, Ltd.
London, S. E.
England

Agents for the
Continent of America:

Harold F. Ritchie & Co. Inc.
New York, U. S. A.
Toronto, Canada



ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

(DERIVATIVE COMPOUND)

The Brute

HE was a police-dog, muscular, alert, his keen eyes sparkling with intelligence, his white wolf-fangs gleaming in an amiable dog-smile. His master had slipped his leash, and he wore no muzzle.

A street car stopped nearby, and an old man, attempting to alight, slipped and fell unseen by the conductor, who gave the starting signal. The victim, in his struggle to arise, slewed around until one of his feet was on the track in front of the car-wheels. A woman shrieked, men shouted, for the blocked street rendered timely human aid impossible. But the police-dog darted in like a flash, sank his teeth into the old man's collar and dragged him out of danger, then stood over him and barked a warning to the press of traffic.

"That gentleman," remarked one of the bystanders, as the old man was carried out of harm's way, "is Doctor Schmidt, the famous vivisectionist."

LIFE has nothing better to offer than a pal that is constant, a slave that is willing, a guardian that is alert; in other words, a **Palisade Police Dog**.

PALISADE KENNELS
Merrick Road
ROSEDALE

Long Island
Box 90



Be Best for Repairing Glassware

Crockery, Vases, Meerschau, Furniture.
Books, Tipping Billiard Cues, &c.

Use Major's Cement

Rubber and leather. All three kinds, 15c per bottle.

For sale at all dealers.

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Velvet Grip

The comfort and long service you enjoy in wearing the Boston Garter are the result of our fixed policy—

Quality First!

GEORGE FROST CO.
MAKERS BOSTON



Cuticura Soap IS IDEAL For the Hands

Soap 25c., Ointment 25c. & 50c., Talcum 25c. Sample each mailed free by "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."

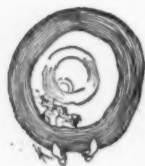
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monthly buys outright any stock or bond. Purchaser secures all dividends. Odd lots our specialty. Write for selected list and full particulars - FREE
CHARLES E. VAN RIPER
Member Consolidated Stock Exchange
50 BROAD ST., NEW YORK

O Pie, Where Art Thou?

Why is pie disappearing?

—Henry T. Finck.



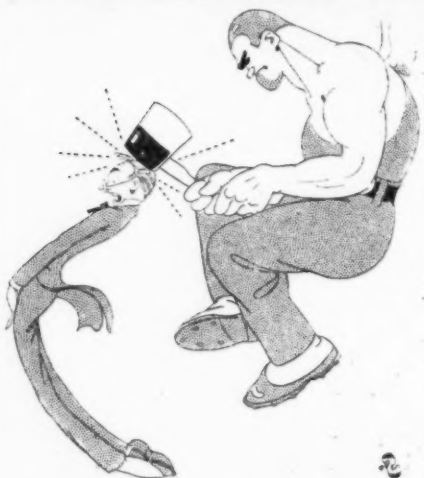
BVIOUSLY no paper of LIFE's aggressiveness can leave Mr. Finck in the dark on this important issue. Determined to spare no trouble, we at once

called upon Sir Oliver Lodge.

"Good morning, Sir Oliver," we remarked. "We have come to you on Mr. Finck's behalf. Do, please, tell us why pie is disappearing."

Sir Oliver looked sadly upon us. "I cannot tell you that unless it has disappeared," he said.

"Of course," we explained, "we hope it hasn't gone from the world of the living. But since Mr. Finck, with all his influence, can't seem to find it anywhere, won't you give the hereafter a ring, just on the chance?"



CUPID AS HE WOULD LIKE TO BE IN SOME CASES

The great spiritist nodded benignly, extinguished the lights, turned on the wind machine and unleashed the goldfish. It was a thrilling moment. The ouija board quivered like a live thing under the secure half-nelson hold of the well-known knight. Breathless with excitement, we deciphered its cryptic message.

"Thought of pie is well and happy. The real article is not here. I am waiting for it—Mrs. Eddy."

ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" identifies genuine Aspirin introduced in 1900



Insist on unbroken packages

BAYER-TABLETS of ASPIRIN

Boxes of 12 tablets
Bottles of 25 and 100
Also capsules

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of
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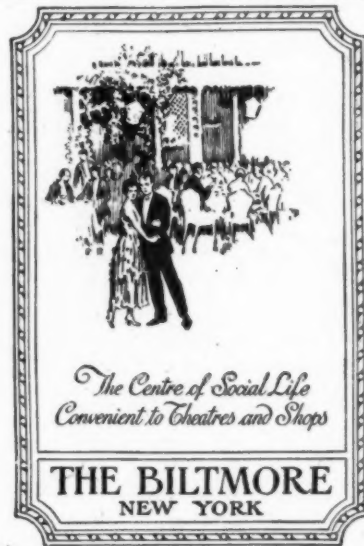
FOWNES

NAME IN EVERY PAIR

Whatever the material—leather silk or fabric; whatever the occasion, you can *depend* on the fit and style of Fownes

GLOVES

FOR MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN



*The Centre of Social Life
Convenient to Theatres and Shops*

**THE BILTMORE
NEW YORK**

We thanked Sir Oliver and left. It was some comfort to know our search limited to this planet.

Naturally enough, we appealed next to Mr. Ford. We found him giving Edsel his bottle.

"What is pie?" he demanded naively.

We were amazed. "You don't know?" we cried.

"No," he replied, "I don't, but I know a man who can tell me in five minutes." And he pressed a button.

But we had taken flight. Surely, we thought, we must learn the exact nature of pie if we are to serve Mr. Finck adequately. Where could we better investigate than in New England? That is why we went to Amy Lowell.

"To be sure, I can tell you all about



For Coughs and Hoarseness

Red Cross Cough Drops quickly relieve coughs and colds and take the tickle out of your throat.

Speakers and smokers depend upon them. Children love them. They are made of chemically pure ingredients.

Red Cross Cough Drops have been famous for 30 years. Millions are sold every season. It's everybody's favorite.

Get Red Cross Cough Drops at drug, candy and cigar stores. Handy box—packed full—six cents.

Made by
Candy Bros. Mfg. Co
St. Louis

Every Nail of the Best Quality

If your horse is shod with "Capewell" nails he is shod to stand the greatest strains.

We make nothing but horse nails—have been making them for nearly 40 years. Ask your shoer to use Capewell nails—the quality nail.

The Capewell Horse Nail Co., Hartford, Conn.



it," she said, "but only polyphonically."

"Speak on," we answered, and took a firm grip on the arms of our chair.

She stood at attention, and spoke as follows:

"Round or oval. Browned, bulgy and bloated. Metal beneath, fruit between, crust atop of all. Crusty crust. A swirl of odors. A delicious sensation about the tongue and the napkin applied quickly to the point of the chin. The eye rolled to the cold blue of heaven, the lips smacked, and the breath drawn with the sound of a street-car brake suddenly catching at a steel rail. Repeat for second piece. Do you get me?"

"Perfectly," we admitted. It had really been easier than one would think. "But," we added, "it is disappearing. Where?"

Miss Lowell blushed winsomely. "Pie is not a part of my diet," she confessed.

We approached Senator Borah.

He laughed cynically. "How can you expect pie under the present administration? Certainly, it has disappeared. Pie was an American institution, protected by the Monroe Doctrine and destroyed by the League of Nations. Tell Mr. Finck that I shall introduce a pie rider to the next bill I meet."

We thanked him and went on our way despairing. As we walked we found a returned soldier evidently in great pain. We at once remembered our humane instincts, and made suitable inquiries.

The man had been eating pie!!! Not only had he eaten, but he had also overeaten of this very substance for which we sought. We looked in awe upon the lowly cottage wherein he had partaken. Through the kitchen window his mother was at that moment baking more pies to cause her returned hero more agonies.

There was no time to be lost. Proving our interest in the advancement of science, we at once telegraphed the address to Mr. Finck.

Sidney Howard.

Government by Injunction

THE great strike was on.

The employees enjoined all the members of their unions not to return to work.

So the employers threatened to ask the court for an injunction to prevent the unions from enjoining the men not to work.

Then the employees went to a court

Houbigant
Paris
Master Perfumer

Ideal

Richiest of all Perfumes

FOR SALE WHERE FINE PERFUMES ARE SOLD

PARK & TILFORD

SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED STATES
559 W 42nd Street New York
Sample on receipt of 35 cents

Sure Relief



6 BELL-ANS
Hot water
Sure Relief
BELL-ANS
FOR INDIGESTION

and asked that the employers be enjoined against applying for an injunction.

So the employers asked that the judge be enjoined from issuing an injunction to prevent their getting an injunction.

Then the employees asked that the issuing of an injunction to prevent an injunction against their injunction to prevent the application for an injunction be enjoined.

So the employers, etc., etc., etc., etc. By this time the strike had been amicably settled by the board of arbitration and everybody was back at work.



Motrola

will help with
dance and song
by winding the
phonograph—
right along—

—eliminating the annoyance
of jumping up to rewind a
run-down machine at your holiday festi-
vities—

An Ideal Xmas Gift
The MOTROLA, electrical self-winder,
can be instantly attached to any phono-
graph, so simple a child may operate with-
out fear of over-winding and is indispens-
able to every phonograph owner.

*Sold at leading phonograph shops
everywhere, or a post-card will
bring dealer's name to you.*

JONES-MOTROLA, Inc.
29 West 35th Street,
New York
57 East Jackson Boulevard
Chicago
315 South Broadway
Los Angeles




THE PEST WHO REPEATS THE JOKES

"NO," admitted the returned soldier,
"I never went over the top or
even got to the first-line trenches, but
I want to tell you I was in some hot
engagements, all the same. Every time
the mail was distributed I had to fight
for my LIFE."

DUNHILL PIPES

Circle Upon Request

M. M. Importing Co.

Sole Agents in the U.S.
6 E. 45 St. New York.



Play Up!

NO baseball team, family enterprise
or people ever won out without
team work.

The world to-day is suffering from
the absence of team work.

Nobody agrees with anybody else
about anything. Chaos will get us all
if we don't look out.

The profiteer, the tip-grafter, the

saboteur are everywhere. Society has
become centrifugal. To paraphrase,
life is a sphere with its circumference
everywhere and its center nowhere.

Who is picking the rag-carpet of
civilization to pieces?

There is no team work among the
old Allies—and industrial, militarist
and socialistic Germany bides her time
to crack out one home run after an-
other. Play up!

How Riches Came to John Wilson

"WE who were John Wilson's most intimate
friends knew almost to a dollar the state
of his finances. We knew his position in Daw-
son's wholesale house could not pay him more
than \$40 a week. When he married Mary Mc-
Connell he wedded a poor girl, and we were cer-
tain that John, his wife and their two kiddies
did not have an income from all sources, of
more than \$2,000 a year, if they had that!

"Yet John and Mary seemed to have not the
slightest trouble in keeping up with our set,
where the average salary of the men was at least
\$5,000 a year. John dressed himself as neatly as
any of us; his wife wore good clothes; the cot-
tage he was buying was in a good neighborhood
and was kept up as well as any home in our
town; his children were always dressed daintily
and went to the same school as our children.
Over and over again we wondered how John and
Mary managed to do it, especially when the cost
of living went higher and salaries stayed about
the same.

"Dave Murray thought he was doing overtime
work. One night when we were calling on him,
and Mary and my wife were in the pantry pre-
paring the 'eats,' I told John that I envied him
his power to make a dollar go a long ways. We
had been friends from boyhood and he did not
hesitate to tell me just how he managed.

THE SECRET

"The whole secret lay in a well-thumbed vol-
ume, 'DICK'S THRIFT BOOK,' that he had on
the table. He opened it for me. I saw that it
was an easy, money-saving system of household
accounts. A daily record was kept in it in both
John's and Mary's handwriting. The idea was
not new to me. I had seen such a system adver-
tised many times and had made up my mind to
try it myself, but while I pondered John had
acted. The page was ruled off so that one could
show just how much money the individual or the
family spent for clothes, food, rent, fuel, church
contributions, amusements, etc. The monthly or
yearly income was apportioned between all of
these various expenses, so that John and Mary
knew at the end of each week whether they were
spending more than they should for a certain
item, and if such were the case, could lessen
their future expenses to keep the balance even.

"The best part of it was that there were depart-
ments for saving and insurance. Part of every
week's salary was divided among all of these
necessities of life, but the bank and the insurance
company got their portion. Thus John did not
have to worry about the future and managed to
live just the way he had planned at the beginning
of the year.

"John told me that the scheme had worked
among friends of his who were earning as low as
\$1,000 a year. He joked about my well-known
habits of spending money for everything that
came along, and he told me that if I would adopt
his system I would make my salary go twice as
far. I laughed, but I went away that night and
had a serious talk with my wife as to whether
this was not the way to restore our dwindling
bank account.

"I sent for 'DICK'S THRIFT BOOK,' and I
have used it long enough to know that I am going

to get rid of a lot of financial worries and to know
that I am going to enjoy my adventures in keeping
personal accounts. I am advising all of my friends
to get started on the track shrewd John Wilson
started me on."

This man's story applies to every man, woman or
child. In the past year over a hundred American
schools have begun to instruct pupils in habits of per-
sonal thrift through keeping systematic but simple
accounts.

THE FUN OF SAVING

The few minutes a day devoted to making entries
in "DICK'S THRIFT BOOK" become sport to the
members of the household. They begin to vie with
each other in keeping their expenditures within the
bounds set for them. Besides, it furnishes the younger
members with an object-lesson in saving that will be
invaluable to them in future years. While your neigh-
bors are living extravagantly, you are building through
this money-saving account book a sure road to pros-
perity and future enjoyment of the good things of
life. Don't think, however, that this book will cause
you to go without things that add to your present
enjoyment of life. On the contrary, it enables you to
make provision for them, and you can enjoy the
movies, books, vacations, etc., knowing that you have
not "robbed Peter to pay Paul."

THE AUTHOR

The man who originated "DICK'S THRIFT BOOK"
is A. Blaikie Dick, Secretary of McClure Publications.
Here is a high-salaried expert who puts all of his ex-
perience at your command to help you save money.
He has made a success of his own life and is helping
thousands of other people to make a success of their
lives. A number of years ago he organized the per-
sonal account book, "Where The Money Goes," which
is now being used by thousands upon thousands of
thrifty persons. He has perfected and enlarged this
system to meet present conditions, and has now pro-
duced the simplest and most comprehensive account
book on the market.

SEND NO MONEY

"DICK'S THRIFT BOOK" comes to you on ap-
proval with McClure's Magazine without your paying
one cent in advance. Keep it for five days and note
how easily it can be applied to your personal business
or household expenditures. Estimate the amount it
will save you in a year. If you decide against it,
send it back and the matter is closed. If you want
it send us \$4.00 in payment for this book and a year's
subscription to McClure's Magazine, which in itself
will sell in 1920 for \$2.50 a year. McClure's for 1920
will have as its contributors Booth Tarkington, Edna
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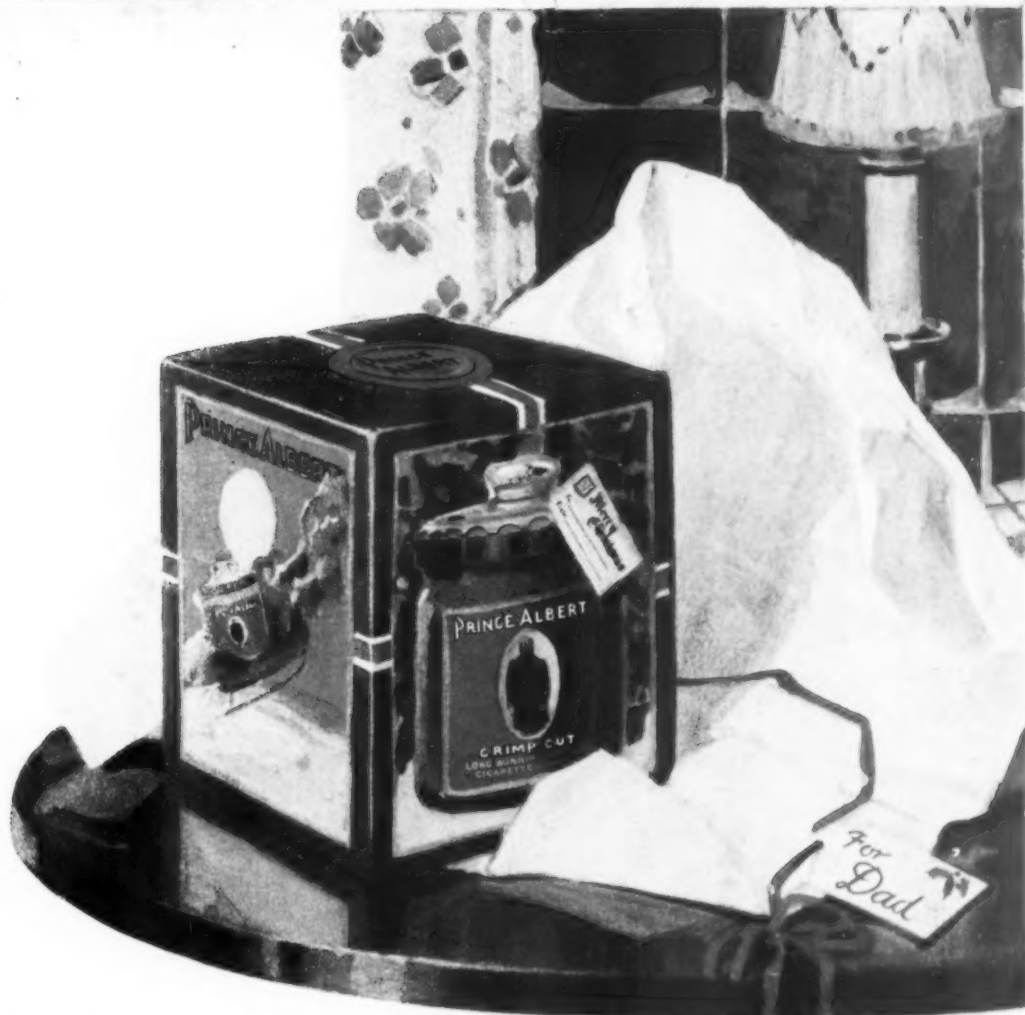
Gentlemen:

Send me "DICK'S THRIFT BOOK" and enter my
subscription to McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for one
year. I will send you \$4.00 within 5 days after re-
ceipt, or return the book, in which case my magazine
subscription is to be canceled, or payment adjusted—
whichever I wish.

Name

Address

L. D. 25/19



HOW that low-on-luck feeling will peel off his mind when the happy-handout-happens Christmas morning; and, his keen eye sights the stage all set with the pound crystal glass humidor of Prince Albert tobacco gownned in the glories of a radiant holiday rainbow! Turkey takes to the tall timbers compared with the all-star-feast you spread so temptingly before his smokeappetite!

PRINCE ALBERT, for Christmas, lands on a man's tank-of-thanks like a spill-of-snow when the sleigh-bells are rusty from lack of jingles! P. A. as a *man gift* is the high-sign, the last word, the directest route to his comfort, his contentment, his smoke-happiness! It's the touch-that-lifts-the-lid; that takes the awkward angles out of the evergreen-and-holly atmosphere and makes

the whole family on both sides think and talk in one language!

YOU'LL enjoy seeing him fuss his old jimmy pipe, all-brimful with Prince Albert! Or, getting his "rolling his own!" Never was such a delightful makin's cigarette as P. A. supplies. He can smoke the limit with Prince Albert *for it can't bite his tongue or parch his throat!* Our exclusive patented process fixes that! He'll just want to get thirty-six-smoke-hours out of the legal twenty-four, *that's all!*

FILL his smokecup to overflowing! Prince Albert is the glad-gift, the holiday-hunch that will hum him a smoke te-de, te-dum long, long after Christmas is but a merry memory!

*P*RINCE ALBERT is also sold in handsome pound and half pound tin humidors, in tidy red tins and in toppy red bags—wherever you buy tobacco.

R. J. REYNOLDS
TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national Christmas joy smoke



"—and stop your coffee."

Doctors know that many
annoying ills result from
drinking coffee —

And that such troubles
usually disappear after
a change to

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POSTUM**

"There's a Reason"

25, 1919